

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Brn. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volcaninius.*
Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
 My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall haue glory by this loosing day
 More then *Octanius*, and *Marke Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
 Hath almost ended his liues History:
 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.
Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.
Brn. Hence: I will follow:
 I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?
Strato. Giue me your hand first, Fare you wel my Lord.
Brn. Farewell good *Strato*. — *Caesar*, now be still,
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octanius*, *Messala*,
Lucillius, and the Army.
Octa. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?
Strato. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
 For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.
Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*,
 That thou hast prou'd *Lucillius* saying true.
Octa. All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Strato. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.
Messa. How dyed my Master *Strato*?
Strato. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Messa. *Octanius*, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest seruice to my Master.
Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
 All the Conspirators saue onely hee,
 Did that they did, in enuy of great *Caesar*:
 He, onely in a generall honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the Elements
 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,
 And say to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him
 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
 Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
 Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
 So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

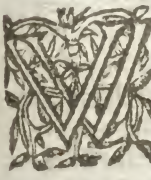
FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1.  Hen shall we three meet againe?
 In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
 2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
 When the Battaille's lost, and wonne.
 3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
 1. Where the place?
 2. Vpon the Heath.
 3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.
 1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.
Al. *Padock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
 Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

King. O valiant *Captaine*!
Cap. As whence the Shipwracking Stormes,
 So from that Spring, wh
 Discomfort swells: Mar
 No sooner Iustice had,
 Compell'd these skippi
 But the Norweyan Lon
 With furbusht Armes,
 Began a fiesh assault.
King. Disfay'd not
Banquish?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrow
 Or the Hare, the Lyon
 If I say sooth, I must re
 As Cannons ouer-char
 So they doubly redoub
 Except they meant to b
 Or memorize another
 I cannot tell: but I am
 My Gashes cry for help
King. So well thy v
 They smack of Honor

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter *King Malcolm*, *Donald-baine*, *Lenox*, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
 The newest state.
Mal. This is the Sericant,
 Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
 'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
 Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
 As thou didst leaue it.
Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
 As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
 And choke their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*
 (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature
 Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowgosses is supply'd,
 And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
 Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake:
 For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)
 Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
 Which smoak'd with bloody execution
 (Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,
 Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
 Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
 Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
 And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

Enter
 Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy
Lenox. What a hal
 So should he looke, th
Rosse. God saue th
King. Whence can
Rosse. From Fiffe,
 Where the Norweyan
 And fanne our people
Norway himselfe, with
 Assisted by that most d
 The *Thane* of Cawdor
 Till that *Bellona's* Brid
 Confronted him with
 Point against Point, re
 Curbing his lauish spi
 The Victorie fell on v
King. Great happi
Rosse. That now's
 Craues composition:
 Nor would we deigne
 Till hee disbursed, at S
 Ten thousand Dollars